

PZ

3

.H853

C

FT MEADE
GenColl

Church Moths

ELLA COMPTON HOY





Class PZ3

Book .H853

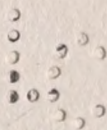
Copyright N^o C

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

The Church Moths

By

ELLA COMPTON HOY

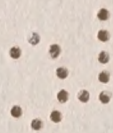


SAULSBURY PUBLISHING COMPANY

BALTIMORE, MD.

PZ 3
H 853
C

Copyright, 1919,
ELLA COMPTON HOY



J. F. TAPLEY CO.
New York

©CL.A515840

JUN 10 1919

no 1

THE CHURCH MOTHS

CHAPTER I

"How they destroy church material!" There are many kinds of moth, in nearly every church congregation. The "Hindering," "Envious," "Jealous," "Faultfinding," and the "Scandal-Seeker" moths. These are the most destructive to a church, as they do their work underminingly, crush down the work of the "Willing Worker," "Time Devoter," and the "Talented Moth."

There was a small town bordering along the Kaw River. An old Indian trading point in the early days, but showed the folk who settled there in those days loved their Saviour, for two very pretty churches were built, and there was very fruitful work done in these churches. This little town slowly grew into a small city; these destructive moth found their way into these two churches, and began to destroy this good work, as they were not discovered until their work was pretty well along.

There was a railroad man and his family moved to this city to make it their home. Now why it was I do not know, but railroad people were not classed

among the other citizens. This man had been converted in the little town of Olivet, Kansas, also the older son, but had not been received into the church when he was called to go to this city along the Kaw River; a little later the family joined him.

There was a union revival meeting going on at this time and this railroad family attended, glad to feel they were God's children. When the revival was over and the churches were holding meetings in their own churches, the railroad family united with the folk of the little stone church; it was here they discovered there were so many kinds of moths in the church.

There was a new Preacher came to dwell among the folk of this church; there was plenty of work to be done but few to do it, the harvest was ripe and reapers needed; the railroad man's wife liked to work in the field and took part in the work; she had an abundance of time, and soon made many friends. We will call her the "Modesty Moth," as she was very bright and cheerful; she could work any place she was put.

Modesty was given a Sunday school class of small boys; she loved little folk and was delighted to have this class; when she would go along the street a number of little folk would run to her; she greeted them and called them her "little lambs."

Later the Sunday school organized a Cradle Roll, and Modesty was to be the superintendent of it. In a short time she had a large number of members on

the Roll from tiny babes up to five years of age; they were then put in the beginners' class. Oh, how Modesty enjoyed calling on the parents of her little lambs, as she called them!

Modesty got the parents of little tots to come to Sunday school who had not been coming at all. She would send invitations through the mail addressed to the little ones, asking them to "bring Papa and Mamma next Sunday to Sunday school with you." And always gave a flower or a card as a reward. She so liked the work that she used her own means for the expenses. Finally she got a bank and placed it at the entrance, with a card engraved, "Baby's Missionary Bank." It was surprising the pennies it contained each Sunday; some silver also would be found.

When Modesty called to see her little ones, they often gave her their pennies, telling her they had been given them for candy or gum but they wanted her to put them in the Missionary bank. Then she would take them up on her lap and tell them of the little people in foreign lands, and how the pennies would go to them and how happy they would be to learn the little folk from this country gave them, and how God loved them that gave a portion of what they had to those who were needy. Sometimes the faces could hardly be seen for the dirt, but Modesty took them up anyway, for their little souls were clean and pure. She was so pleased each Sunday to see the little ones and their mothers at Sunday school; often

the fathers would bring them, and sometimes both parents.

Modesty was so taken up with her class of boys and the little lambs, as she called them, of the Cradle Roll she had no time to watch the "Envious" and the "Jealous" moths that were planning to rob her of this work.

There had been a great strife among the moths. Still Modesty had not learned of this until one evening she was asked to attend the business meeting at the church. Modesty was indeed surprised to learn of so many ugly things to be settled at this meeting.

The "Envious," the "Jealous" and "Faultfinding" moths did not like the way Modesty was running the Cradle Roll.

The leader asked, "In what way do you find fault in her work? I'm sure she has shown splendid results."

One said, "She uses too much money."

Another said, "We haven't any too much in the Sunday school fund, and nobody knows how much she does use, or what for."

Still another said, "I think she should let the Treasurer know what she uses, and make a report of it."

Everything was quiet for a moment, then the leader said, "Is there anything more on this subject? Let's have all the evidence now, then we will see what can be done."

The Envious moth said, "There will have to be a

limit to the money drawn, and the School know how it is used."

Then the Jealous moth was heard from, "Yes; you would think she is running the whole thing the way people carry on about her."

At this poor Modesty wept, she was so hurt; there was a hush came over the room, nothing but Modesty's sobs were heard. She soon controlled herself and asked if she might make a few explanations about the work.

The leader told her she might.

Modesty arose, hesitated a moment, then said: "First, I like to do the work more than my tongue can express; I love to go among the little folk, because they are pure and innocent, and tell them of God; the parents of these little ones like me, it is true, and they praise my work also, which is a wonderful salary to receive for my efforts. As to the money used, my husband gives me a portion of his income for my very own, and it is this I have used to build up the Cradle Roll work. I'm very sorry to learn of this great strife over my work, for all the church troubles are sweet music to the devil, and his workers. I would have explained before now if I had thought any one wished it."

The meeting closed and Modesty was permitted to go on with her work, but it was just a little harder to do, as she feared it might not please these moths.

A little later the Minister's time was up and he did not return to labor with these folk.

CHAPTER II

THERE had not been any service held in the stone church for a while, as it had been a little difficult to find a leader for these people. In the meantime, a moth from the other church came to Modesty and said, "Why do you not come to our church? It is where you belong, anyway."

Modesty was converted in this church a few years ago, but went into the stone church, as her husband wished to unite with the folk of that church; she felt to work for God any place was all right.

This moth that came to Modesty was of the "Faultfinding" kind. She said to her, "Unless you come to our church, you will be lost from God, and if you keep your husband in that church, he also will be severed from God."

Modesty said, "I do not understand you!"

This moth told Modesty that her husband was not immersed yet, and if he should die he would be lost forever.

"Oh!" cried Modesty. "I do not believe you. I cannot believe my God to be an unjust God; He does not say we must serve Him under any one church name, but if we are repentant before God and man we

are removed from the sin that may have stained our soul; if my husband serves under the other church name, or if he should die to-morrow, I believe God would claim his soul. My knowledge of God will not let me believe what you tell me."

Modesty did not tell any one of this visit from this moth, nor did she fear from it.

A little later there was a Minister sent to the stone church; the time came for this railroad man and his son to be baptized; it was a beautiful day, many had gathered at the river side to see the baptizing. The father and son were led down into the Kaw River and immersed. The people sang, "Shall we gather at the river?"

Everything seemed to be all right and Modesty went on with her work, receiving much praise from the new Minister; but Modesty feared the "Jealous" moths, and wished he would not praise her work.

Modesty joined the W. C. T. U., and was assigned to the office of Purity. She learned she was to see that folk talked as they should in public and destroy any impure thing about the city. This seemed to Modesty quite a load to shoulder, but she would try it.

The first task there was an advertisement for chocolate in a restaurant window; it had a picture of a lady on it. Modesty could not see anything so shocking about the picture, but some of the moths came to her and said,

"Modesty, you must have that picture removed

from the window; it is terrible for young men to go by and see it, as it may arouse passion and cause them to do some awful thing."

Modesty said, "What is there so terrible about the picture? It is only a candy advertisement."

"My goodness, are you blind? The woman's hose show to her knees, and even her skirt—why, it's terrible, and must be removed!"

At this Modesty grew indignant and said, "Well, I credit our young men with more pride than to let a paper woman's hose bother them. Were you ever in a large city?" Modesty asked. "No one thinks anything about what is in the windows."

Modesty was told she must see that it was removed; also a corset model from another window.

Modesty said no more, and decided she would see if she could buy the picture and she would see the merchant about the model. As she knelt by her bed that night, she asked God to help her to get the picture removed so as to not hurt the woman's feelings, for she was a widow trying to make her way.

Next day Modesty started out on her mission. As she entered the restaurant she did not see the picture, so did not say anything about it, but bought some cakes and returned to the street, feeling in her heart God had answered her prayer. She went to the other place of business and asked to see the manager.

"And what can I do for you, my little lady?" he asked as he came to Modesty.

Modesty smiled, saying: "I have been requested by

the W. C. T. U. to ask you to remove that ter-ri-ble shocking mod-del from your window. I fear your store will be boycotted; put it under the counter. Or get a dress on it that will cover it from its neck to the floor," said Modesty in great excitement.

"Why, Modesty, what can there be wrong in the model? You see them other places?"

"Oh, there are some of the moths of the Union who have received such a shock from this model, I fear if they should get a glimpse of it again they may not recover."

The manager laughed and said, "I see why you have come to me, and I also see your sound judgment; you are a little gem. Now to show these moths your influence and the respect we have for you, I'll remove it from the window back on the counter."

"I'm sure this is very kind of you, and I thank you."

Modesty returned home glad to have this off her mind; she told her father all and he said, "I am glad you did so well and the task is over."

Modesty was at the next meeting of the Union, and they asked, "How did you get the picture from the window?"

Modesty's answer was, "God did it in answer to my prayer. I asked him to help me get it removed in a way so as not to hurt the woman's feelings, and when I went to see her about the picture it was gone."

"Well how about the other window?"

"I called and told the manager I had been re-

quested by the Union to ask him to have the model removed from the window."

"Oh! But you should have not mentioned the Union."

"And why not? It was the work of the Union, was it not?"

Modesty had such splendid success in this she was asked to do more work; this time things that seemed to Modesty very rude, and she rebelled; not that she wished to shrink from duty, but she did not believe in CARRIE NATION'S method of working, and she resigned from the office she held.

At this meeting there was to be a delegate elected to attend the W. T. C. U. Convention, and as Modesty could travel on a pass, she was chosen the delegate. The "Envious and Jealous Moth" did not think she should be the delegate, as there were older ones that ought to have the honor, but it was voted that Modesty attend the convention as their delegate.

The convention was held in the old home town where Modesty went to school when a girl, Wyandotte, Kansas.

Modesty greatly enjoyed the meetings; all she met were very nice to her; she roomed with an old schoolmate. Modesty had taken many notes for her report, and could hardly wait to return and tell of the many good things she had heard at the convention. The work was grand when done correctly.

During the few days Modesty was away, these ugly moths worked hard to get her out of the Union.

When Modesty returned home she went to the President to talk over her trip and the things she had heard at the convention. While there poor Modesty was stricken with grief. She was told her report would not be called for, as a number of the Moths would quit the Union, but she might tell the President, that she could use the guides and helps in the Union.

Modesty was greatly wounded at this, and said, "I only have this to say: Take my name off your list. I will withdraw from your Union; it is better I quit than for you to lose the others and save all strife, if you feel this way about me. I will ask you to make my report; just tell them Modesty has withdrawn from your Union, that is all."

Modesty walked slowly toward home in deep thought; she was startled at a voice saying, "Modesty! Modesty! are you sick?"

As she glanced up she smiled and said, "Just a little heartache is all." She walked on, reached home, went to her father, told him all that had been said; he comforted her the best he could; she then went out among her little lambs to drown her sorrow and kept up her class of boys at Sunday school.

CHAPTER III

Now these same moths began to eat into their Preacher's moves; they thought he called at the Editor's office too often; there was a woman who worked in this office, and soon the "Scandal Moth" had a great heap of material piled up against the Preacher's character.

Modesty often went to this office; they all talked over the work and made outlines for same, and she often gained many helps for her work, but these scandal-seeking moth could not see anything but wrong in this office; in fact, they never investigated it, but yet their own imagination guided them, and went on piling up scandal until there had to be a church trial.

When this was discovered, Modesty was asked by some of the church board to go and see if she could get these Scandal and Faultfinding Moth to hold council with the Board and Preacher, and settle this, so as to prevent the great scandal they were about to place upon their church.

But they were very bitter against this and would not have anything to do with Modesty; said she was trying to shield the Preacher.

Modesty said, "Do not misunderstand me. I am pleading for the house of God, to save it this terrible mar you are about to place on it; give the man a hearing, a chance to explain. Do you remember the story, 'HE that is without SIN cast the first stone.' "

But they said, "We will not have anything to do with him. We are going to write for another Preacher to be sent us."

"Listen, my dear folk, you must prove your charge against this man before Conference can condemn him."

"Well, we'll not have him here, and you can tell the board so."

Modesty pleaded in vain; it came to a trial; the Elder was summoned to take charge of this trial.

The Destructive Moth were all out, and the Preacher and the disciples that did not believe the stories told.

When the Elder asked what crime the accused man had done, no one spoke a word.

He asked the second time, "What has this man done that he must be driven from your midst?" Still no answer.

Then the Elder said, "There must be a charge brought against this man before I can condemn him and drive him from the ministry."

One said, "You can send him some place else."

The Elder said, "But how am I to take him from this charge if there is no fault to be found with him?"

Then a moth said he went to the printing office too often.

“What did he do while at this office that you hold against him?”

No one knew of any wrong, only it did not look well.

This was all they could bring up against the Preacher.

This trifle seemed to Modesty a great deal like the one where they cried, “Crucify him! Crucify him!” yet they could bring no real charge to Pilate for the Crucifixion.”

Now these moths had a great big thing built up from imagination, and like the house built on the sand it could not stand. The trial was dismissed and the Preacher left in the field to labor among them.

Modesty knew how hard it was to work among these moth, who were busy eating holes in the good work of the few willing working moth.

The time came for this Preacher to go to conference; he did not return to this field but went elsewhere to gather the sheaves for the master.

In a short time the new Preacher came to take charge of the work. These moth gave a reception for him, and Modesty hoped the good would branch out and grow.

There was election of officers in the young people's society; Modesty was elected by the young folk President of the society; she took a great interest in

the young folk and they soon had a large roll call; she helped them get their lessons, and got many to lead who had never led the meeting; a large number of older folk came to hear the lessons and praised Modesty for the work. Finally the Envious and Jealous Moth learned of this, then the Hindering Moth joined them and they began to destroy the harmony that had been for some time.

Modesty had two leaders one evening, a young lady and gentleman; the lesson was where Jesus and the women were at the well; this made the lesson very impressive, and she was pleased with the leaders. At the close of the meeting the Hindering Moth came to Modesty and said:

"If you would let the young people get their own lessons the society would get along better; anyway, it is a young people's society and should be conducted by them.

Modesty governed herself and said, "They chose me for their leader, and my dear folk, all sheep must be guarded by a shepherd; turn the young out without a leader or shepherd and see how quick the wolves enter the flock; my helping them only makes it easy for them to start out in the work and we need many workers."

Modesty hurried home with an aching heart and told her father all.

He said, "My dear girl, do not grieve so over the work; give it up; I do not like to see you treated so."

"But, father, I do so like the work. Why won't they let me do it?"

"My dear, it is jealousy and envy; they fear you may receive too much praise and they do not want you to lead."

"Oh! Are there such moths in every church, father?"

"Yes, my dear, and I have seen for some time how they work to undermine your work. I could not tell you this before, as you worked so hard and enjoyed it so; but to-night as you come to me I have told you and wish you would quit working among them."

"But, father, the young folk do not find fault with me and are so good to do the things I ask of them."

"That is why the Envious and Hindering Moth strive to overthrow your work."

Poor Modesty did not know what to do. She did not want to grieve her father and she did not like to give up the work, and yet it was very hard to work with these moth nipping at her all the time. As she knelt to pour out her troubles to God she asked Him to help her and give her the courage to go on with the work.

Next day found Modesty more determined to work on; she was to meet with the young men and women to practise some songs for the program they were to have in a short time; in the forenoon she had the little folk come to her home to drill them, then go to the church in the afternoon; she was all ready to

start when the Preacher called; his stay was brief, but brought new grief for Modesty.

He said, "I have called to tell you I fear you will have to resign your office as President of the Young Folks' Society, also to drop the choir we were going to organize."

This so hurt Modesty she leaned her head on her father's knee and wept; he stroked her head and said, "There, there, never mind."

Modesty calmed herself and said, "If it is the wish of the young folks I will. But under no consideration will I resign my work for God for those Envious, Jealous or Faultfinding Moth."

"But they are among the moneyed moth, and I will have to cater largely to them," said the Preacher.

"Oh! You, like them, expect to pay your way through the pearly gates. I give my time and talent to the work and a small portion in money; do you remember the story of the talents that were given out? also the request made of them? I fear these moth have buried their talent."

As the door was closed when the Preacher left, Modesty ran to her father crying, "Think of a man representing Christ's teachings, would ask me to give up my work for those ugly moth, as they have money and I haven't." The choir must be dropped; there was one whom Modesty could not find in her heart to bar, a very good singer, but it was feared there

may be African blood in the veins of this moth.

The nationality of this moth was not known, but if it be black as coal, God loved the soul of this moth, as it was a Christian moth.

This man wished Modesty to bar this moth from the choir or his girls could not sing in it.

“Oh!” cried Modesty. “How can you say such things! You, an example, a teacher of Christ’s teachings.”

“Well, you have heard the remarks about this moth, haven’t you? My girls cannot associate with such company.”

“But listen to me,” said Modesty. “I have worked in the church for a number of years; she has put her arm around me and even kissed me and I have not turned black yet. Do you think God has a separate place for you and yours in heaven? I do not think he has, and if we do His will He will claim us whether the outer shell be black, white or brown. Therefore, I cannot do what you ask, for I think it wrong. I would not hurt the willing worker’s feelings.” So they were not to have a choir. No wonder Modesty bowed her head on her father’s arm and cried as if her heart would break.

He stroked her head and said, “Come, come, my little girl, do not cry so; give up all the work; God will love you, for you were willing to work and He will give you the reward you deserve.”

Modesty dried her eyes and said, “Oh, father, what a comfort you are to me; now I must go and meet

my young folk; they will be waiting for me." Modesty bade her father good-bye and started; she had not gone far when she was stopped by this moth that some feared had African blood in her veins, and this is what met her ears:

"I want you to understand you can't keep me from singing in the choir; I'm going to sing in it if I want to; so there now you have it.

Modesty was much surprised at this outpouring of anger upon her, and asked, "But my dear moth, why do you fly at me in this manner?"

"Because you are trying to keep me out of the choir. I've been told of it all right."

Modesty was struck dumb for a moment; she thought, "What will I be charged with next?"

"Listen to me, you have been misinformed, my dear; I have said nothing against you, nor have I done aught against you, and I have no voice in this arranging of the choir." The young moth soon understood all and begged to be forgiven for the rude way in which she spoke.

Modesty hurried on; she had to stop at a store to get the key to the church. Here was another shock for her nerves that were almost shattered. As she asked for the key one of the deacons of the church said to her:

"There is so much strife stirring about you leading the Young Folks' Society that I expect you had better resign."

Poor Modesty could hardly keep back the burning

tears as she heard this, but she felt she must be brave before her young folk; she asked of the deacon, "What have I done that is wrong? I'm willing to right anything wrong if it is shown to me."

The deacon said, "There will be a meeting after prayer meeting to-night and the subject talked over; you can be present."

Modesty said, "If you will trust me with the key, I must be going, as my young folks are waiting for me." As the key was handed to her she said, "I will see what my young folks say about my work and be governed by them, not these ugly moth destroyers. I will not be at your meeting to-night, as it will not be so embarrassing for the subject to be handled, but I will ask you to not judge me too harshly; good-bye."

As Modesty walked the two blocks to the church she thought her heart would break, it seemed so full of ugly things she had heard in the last half hour; it was an effort to rid her mind of them and meet her young folks with her usual smile; it was a little past the hour she was to be at the church, but she found her folks waiting for her, and was greeted by all; as she met them with a smile, in her heart burned the word, "RESIGN." She did not know just how to tell them of it, for their manner showed her they were pleased with her.

After they had gone over the songs, they said to Modesty, "What is wrong? We can see there is something you are much hurt over."

"Oh, never mind me, my dear folks, we will go over

the songs once more and be dismissed; you are doing splendid; I'm pleased and proud of you."

"But we will not sing another note until we have learned what it is that grieves you. Is it anything we have done? If so we are sorry and ready to beg your pardon."

Modesty swallowed hard a few times to crush down the sobs that it seemed would choke her, then said, "No, my dear folks, it is nothing you have said or done. I will tell you all." She told them of the visit from the minister, how she was stopped on the street, and the deacon's request.

They said all in one voice, "If you resign, then we will also; we want you for our leader."

"Then I shall go on with you to the end of my term. I greatly appreciate hearing this and thank you. I have also been told we cannot have a choir, but you folks can sing for me in the audience just as well."

"Now we are going to come up here to sing for you, and at the close of our meeting we will go back in the audience."

Modesty said, "It is very kind of you, but perhaps you had better not." But they did anyway, and after their regular meeting Modesty explained to the people that there had been no choir organized; the band of young folks were just volunteers for the meeting. "We are glad to have the parents come out and hear the young folks."

After church, the deacon, the minister and a num-

ber of the "Faultfinding Moth" gathered around Modesty and said, "You are great to make such an ugly speech and drive the folks to their seats."

"Oh, but we have no choir! You told me we could not have, and you announced last Sunday evening that I would organize a choir to-night; now I'm carrying a heavy burden as it is and I did not wish the people to think that I had gone against your wishes in this. You should have explained to them yourself; can't you see you are hurting the house of God by going on in this manner? Why not work together in harmony. Let's stop this strife."

But these moths had set out to rob Modesty and found fault with everything she did; this made it very difficult for her to work among them; she went on with the program, which proved a success.

In spite of the rain a large number had gathered at the church on the eve of the program. It was very hard for Modesty to take her place, knowing so many of the moths were trying to eat holes in her work, and they had gathered there to see her crumble; she made a few brief remarks.

"We have worked hard to prepare the selections we have for you; the young folks have been loyal; I hope you will feel repaid for coming out this stormy evening; we will have our welcome song, then be led in prayer, inviting God to be one in our midst, then the welcome address by a small boy of twelve."

God's mighty presence was felt and all went well, even though two on the program refused to respond.

Modesty had heard these moths were going to do this and she had prepared to take the subject on how and when the society was organized, and had a substitute on how to conduct the society to get good results, so the chain was not broken; the eleven small girls in a drill, placing themselves to form the word Anniversary, each repeating a verse from the Bible beginning with their letter, dwelling on the society; they received many cheers.

In closing, Modesty talked for a short time on Foreign Missions, and four small boys passed the plates; the collection showed God was among the people.

Modesty thanked them for the gift and their presence; they were dismissed by a small boy.

After all was over Modesty was surrounded by her young folks, who said, "We are proud of you. Oh, if we could only talk as free and easy as you do, how glad we would be."

Modesty thanked them, for they did not know how heavy was her heart or the pain or how hard it was to be face to face with these moth destroyers and conduct this work, but God gave her the courage to do this.

CHAPTER IV

IN a few weeks came the election of officers. Modesty conducted the meeting, but asked that they do not vote on her for leader.

In a short time there was no young folks meeting. They had also taken the Cradle Roll work and the class of boys from Modesty; this grieved Modesty a great deal, but she kept her place in the church; she resigned the Steward work; this they wished her to keep, as it brought in money.

Modesty went to Sunday school, taught a class when needed, did charity work among the poor, and brought in the sheep that had strayed; she was shunned by these moths for helping a poor woman who had fallen by the wayside.

The poor one said, "I would like to go to church, I want to be good, if I thought the people of the church would help me."

Modesty went among the moths of the church and asked them to be nice to her if she came to church, but they shunned Modesty, as did the people the poor cripple at the pool; Modesty tried to be a Samaritan and help the poor soul on her feet.

One evening Modesty's husband came home and

asked her if she would go into the other church, as his mother wished him to, for all the folks of the family belonged to the other church but him.

Modesty hesitated for a moment, then gave her consent, as she felt she could work anywhere, if permitted to do so; she asked both ministers to dine with them, so they could see the transfer was made through no malice.

Modesty and her husband, also her two sons, were received in the other church; time drifted slowly to Modesty, as she wished to work in the field.

She was elected to preside over the Aid Society, also to assist over the Young Folks' meeting. How delighted Modesty was! She was ready to fill any place, for she liked to work for her Saviour.

Quite often she was asked to lead prayer meeting in absence of the leader. Modesty liked to do the work and it seemed easy for her. She took charge of the Sunday school.

It was not long, however, until Modesty discovered there were selfish and envious moths in this church also.

One day she received callers, and before they left she learned they were of the Envious, Jealous and Hindering Moth family; they said:

"You had better give up your offices in the church. You see there are those who have led for a long time and they think, as you have not been a member long, you had better just come and listen and not lead."

This was a terrible blow to receive. Modesty did

not know just how to respond to the request.

Modesty asked, "Do you remember the story of the tree and its branches? 'If a limb is dead, hew it off.' If I cannot work I would be a dead limb or branch. I do not like to be idle, for should I work day and night I could not repay my dear Saviour for what he did for me. I will go on with the work and want each of you to help me. There is work for us all."

At the next meeting of the society it was voted they have an Easter Fair to raise money on a debt; everything was planned and each one assigned to her station of duty.

The evening arrived for the fair and supper at the church. Modesty had been kept very busy looking after all the divisions to see that everything was all right. She was called from the kitchen, much to her surprise, to settle a dispute over a sale; two had claimed the article. She soon had the difficulty settled and returned to the kitchen. In a short time she was called to settle another dispute over the fish pond. This time Modesty was greatly surprised to find a moth and the preacher's wife in a dispute; try as hard as she might she could not patch the puncture; the wife took her things and went home.

Modesty said, "I'm so sorry this happened; couldn't you have got along? This looks bad for you to disagree." In spite of her efforts, Modesty could not get them to kiss and make up, and felt greatly relieved when the time arrived to go home.

She had each booth check their sales and the amount taken in, and the table do the same; then she handed the money to the Treasurer.

When Modesty reached home she was so tired and grieved to think so much strife came up, she could not see why any one would envy her the work. She asked God to forgive them and laid her aching head on her pillow and tried to sleep.

Next morning she was at her place in Sunday school. The teacher of the Bible class said, "Modesty, I want you to help me with the lesson to-day; mark these Scripture readings and as I call for them I want you to read them for me."

Modesty did as he wished her to do, as she was always glad to help.

There were some Envious and Jealous moths in the class, and they said:

"Why do you always call on Modesty for everything? Do you think the rest of us can't read?"

"Well, first, she always has her Bible and we study our lessons together, and then I want the rest of you to tell me what you think about the readings."

One moth said, "Why, you are the teacher; why have one do all the reading?"

Modesty was hurt at this speech, and the teacher much hurt; he did not come back to teach any more. Next Sunday Modesty was asked to teach the class; at first she felt she could not, then she said, "If the class does not object, I will, although I'm sure there are those in the class that could do better than I."

No one volunteered or objected, and Modesty began the lesson by asking those that found fault with the teacher to read for her.

One had forgotten to bring her glasses, another did not have time to study the lesson; still another, "I would rather have someone else read, as the words are hard to pronounce."

It was quite difficult to handle the lesson, as the class was mostly of the Faultfinding moth, but she got along quite well.

Modesty felt too ill to think; she was glad to hear the sound of the bell to close the class; she liked to do the work, but it was hard to teach to please these moths.

As Modesty walked slowly on her way home she wished there could be harmony in the house of God, and all work together. She was so deep in thinking, trying to plan a way, she did not hear her name mentioned, and was startled when a hand was placed on her arm.

It was the minister. "He said, "A penny for your thoughts!"

Modesty looked up and said, "They are worth much more, but I doubt if I could get even as much if they were spoken."

"May I walk with you?" he asked. "I have a question to ask and a request to make."

Modesty wondered what was coming now, but granted permission.

"First, what was the trouble at the fair the other

evening? My wife tells me you would not let her help with the work that evening."

Modesty looked up amazed, wondering if she had heard aright. She could not be mistaken, as he uttered the question again. Poor Modesty felt she would sink to the walk to learn such false things could be spoken by a minister's wife.

She said, "I did not refuse her aid; now listen, she wanted to work on the fish pond and the one who had it in charge had her help and it seemed your wife and she could not agree; I tried to settle it, but failed; your wife took her things and left us. Now you have the answer to your question."

"Very well, we will let that stand as it is; now I want you to advance me a month's salary out of the fund you took in the night of the fair."

"Oh," cried Modesty, "I couldn't do that without the consent of the society."

"Well, are you not the President?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, but you see Congress rules the President, and they are the Congress in this. I'll take it up with them Wednesday and let you know then."

"But I must have the money before that time."

"I'm very sorry, but I could not give what did not belong to me."

"Have you the money in your possession?" he asked.

"No, sir, I gave it to the Treasurer before I left the church the night of the Fair."

"Then write me an order for the amount. I must have the money at once."

"I could not do what you ask of me; it would not be right, for the money is not mine."

He left Modesty at her gate in a rather hot mood.

Modesty stood looking after him; her faith was terribly shaken in moth members, and she was losing faith in preachers also; she wondered if all churches had these horrid moth in them; if so there would have to be a destroyer among them before the work would be built up.

The day came for the next meeting of the Society, but Modesty was ill and her doctor said she must keep quiet and rest her nerves; therefore she could not be present at the meeting and sent a statement of the proceeds taken in at the Fair, and the preacher's request for money, and regrets to be absent.

In a few days Modesty was able to be out again; a neighbor girl was sick and lived alone with her father, so Modesty called to see her and see if she could help to care for her.

The father said: "Will you sit with my girl while I go for more medicine for her?"

"Certainly, I am glad I can help you."

Modesty lived alone with her father when a girl; he was kind to her, but she knew how much a girl needed a woman to help in sickness; she made the girl's bed and saw that she was comfortable, then she tidied up the kitchen; then sat by the bedside

to read to the girl, never dreaming the moths would condemn her for her act of kindness; she saw several pass while there; when the father came Modesty said:

“I will have to run home and look after my bread baking, and if I can be of help to you do not hesitate to call me.”

The father thanked Modesty and the girl said, “Do come again and read to me; I forget all my pain when you are here.”

“All right I will, and you be a good girl till I come again.”

Modesty knew the church moths shunned this girl, but she was sick, and Modesty did what she could for her.

The Society called for a special meeting; Modesty granted it but could not attend as her father was sick, and this gave the moths a chance to discuss the terrible thing Modesty had done.

One said: “What do you suppose I saw the other day?”

Another said: “I know; our President sitting reading to that girl that lives with her father on the avenue.”

“And so did I! Yes, sir; with my own eyes. Why, it is terrible for her to keep such company.”

A moth said, “The girl is quite sick so I hear. I passed there and saw Modesty there; perhaps we had better not be too harsh in judging her until we hear why she was there.”

“Well, we just won’t have her for our leader; what will folks say about our Society?”

“We will elect a new leader,” said another.

So it was agreed upon by the “scandal-seeking moths” to elect a new president.

Modesty had been quite busy all week and did not read the city paper, therefore did not know of the new election, and at the next meeting took her place of duty; the time came to begin, the members were grouped in bunches holding whispered conversations; it never occurred to Modesty that it concerned her and she said: “I believe, my dear folks, it is time for us to begin our meeting; we have a quilt to finish to-day if possible, you know, so let’s all give our attention to the reading from the word of God.”

The response was: “You are not our leader. We have elected a new one and she is not here yet.”

Modesty held to her chair, for she felt she would fall on hearing this. In a moment she was master of herself, but her dignity was disturbed, and she said: “Very well, I will only preside long enough for you to accept my resignation, then nominate your president, and elect her.”

“Well,” said one, “we have already elected her!”

“Not legally, my dear folk, you must accept my resignation first. I do not know why I have so displeased you, but it is enough to know you wish a new leader and I will resign, but you will first listen to the reading of the lesson; then will some one lead in a short prayer?”

The reading was heard but no response for prayer.

Modesty offered up a prayer, although her heart ached; she asked God to pour out the spirit of harmony among this band of workers.

When the election was over, Modesty said: "One moment please before I give up my office. I wish to ask why I have so displeased you as to come to this act?" In a few minutes she learned what it was all about.

"Well," said the moths, "we saw you sitting in at that girl's place down on the avenue, and if that is the company you keep we don't want you to preside over us."

Modesty was grieved to learn this, and did not speak for a moment, then she said: "I'm glad to learn this is the only charge you have against me. The girl was sick and I called to see her; the father asked me to sit with her while he went for more medicine; I saw a number of you pass but never expected this to come of it. Listen, do you remember the story: 'I was sick and ye ministered not unto me?' Also the lame man at the pool, how he was passed by, and how the Samaritan cared for him? I only tried to act as a Samaritan. I will not keep you any longer, may God forgive you for this act, I bid you farewell."

Modesty went slowly home trying to forget all, but when she met her father she told him all and wept, then she said: "Oh, father! are all churches like these here, full of these terrible moth destroyers?"

I am so discouraged and my faith nearly shaken in the church moths, and preachers." She wept so hard her father wept also.

He said, "Oh, don't, don't grieve so! Papa loves his little girl and God loves Papa's girl. So let us not grieve over this, for it hurts me to see you treated so."

Modesty loved her father and did not wish to grieve him. She dried her eyes and tried to be cheerful; then her father read to her the story of how Jesus was so persecuted for his work he had to go to other places to work. Now they had no fault to find in him only they feared the people would follow his teachings and they wanted to rule, and they thought by finding fault in his work and tearing it to pieces the people would not praise him or believe in his well doing. "So you see these ugly Moths tried to work against Jesus but they cannot keep God from loving you, or you from doing for God, so do not grieve so."

Modesty threw her arms around her father saying, "Oh, father you have comforted me so much! I'm glad I've an earthly father, and a Heavenly Father, who love me and and I can love them, in spite of these ugly moths."

But Modesty had to give up her work in the church to be able to go among these moths at all. But she never gave up helping the poor and needy whenever she could; out under God's blue sky she felt she could do these things for Him.

CHAPTER V

IN the fall these churches had another union revival; Modesty hoped to see it bring forth harmony among all.

Modesty attended these meetings, and one evening she brought a poor soul, who wanted to dwell in the house of God, to church with her, and asked the members to greet her and make her feel welcome. A few extended a chilly greeting.

Next evening Modesty brought this weary one again to hear the word of God; few seemed to see her; the third evening no one but Modesty greeted her, the fourth evening when Modesty called for her to go with her to the church, these are the words Modesty listened to with an aching heart:

"I do not think I'll go to-night, as I do not feel I am wanted. The world seems warmer to me than them church folk. I wanted to live better, I'm tired of worldly life, but it will not be long until I'll leave this earthly home for the unknown. But somehow I wanted to shake off this mortgage the devil claims on my soul, but I could not dwell among those icy people."

Modesty could not blame her for feeling as she

did toward these moths, and did not go to the meeting, but tried to help this poor one who was hungering after righteousness. She said:

"I am very sorry you have not been made to feel welcomed in the house of God, but listen, my dear one, you can have God for your God right here in your own home." Modesty put her arm around this weary one as if to support her, then said, "If you will believe in Him and trust Him He will help you. He saw your act of willingness, and the act of them that professed to be His people, and my dear God did not reject you; he loves you the more; do not give up but let him release your soul from this mortgage."

This weary soul clung to Modesty and cried: "I believe you, and I will try to be a child of His, and will you come often? I feel stronger when you are close, and will you read and tell me more about Him?"

"Yes, and even more, I will give you this book of God's word, and you can read also; God will give you the understanding of it if you ask Him; you will be surprised at the many blessings you will receive from it; now I must go but will come again to-morrow and help you. God bless you is my prayer."

Next day Modesty went to the afternoon meeting at the church; she told what the weary one had said to her. "Now you must be responsible for this soul, for she came to dwell among you and you did not take her in, yet you read, 'All ye that hunger and

thirst after righteousness come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest,' and you did not comfort her."

"You should bring ones we could associate with and we would take them in; your going among such characters is why the members do not want you to work with them."

Modesty was speechless for a moment and stood holding to the chair; she said, "Jesus said, 'whosoever will, let him come.'"

Then she asked, "What kind of religion do you follow? Did not Jesus eat with publicans and sinners that they might see his good work and follow him? I never expect to be better than my Saviour. I have only done the things He would do and that He wishes us to do, for He said, 'Inasmuch as ye do unto the least of these my brethren, ye do unto me.' If the religion you follow makes you too proud to help the fallen, you may take my name from your list; I do not care to follow on with you proud and selfish moths."

These were a new kind of moth; Modesty wondered how many more kinds there really were in a church; she was told if she took her name from the list she would go to the depths below. She said, "If I should be so unfortunate I would see many familiar faces no doubt, but I have no fear."

The railroad man had gone back to the old companion that so many think drowns sorrow—alcohol. These moth had weakened his faith. This grieved

Modesty a great deal; she felt she could not work longer with these moths and she told them she was going out in the world to work for her Saviour, as there was so much to do for the poor.

Because Modesty did this, these moths tried to pick holes in her work by accusing her of all manner of false deeds; and tried to stamp marks on her character, and she had taken money from the church fund. When Modesty heard this it was more than she could carry; she went to them and soon had it corrected.

She said, "I only took myself from your church. I tried to give my time and talent, but you would not accept it. Unless you use some method to destroy the ugly moth, your work will not grow as it should. God help to see the need of this, is my pleading prayer for you. I will tell you of a splendid evil moth destroyer.

"Go into your closet, which is one's own life, and hold council with God; there have a clearing up of mind, take from it all evil thoughts; go through the cells of your heart, rid them of all evil that may have accumulated there, then lock your closet, with faith in your Saviour and God your redeemer. You will be surprised to see how quick all classes of evil moths leave your church."

CHAPTER VI

A FEW months later the pastor of the little stone church was taken very ill; he lived alone, and it was feared he had consumption.

When Modesty learned of this, she said to her husband, "The pastor of the little stone church is quite ill, let's go and see him this evening, will you? Father, you will keep the boys won't you?"

"Yes! to be sure."

Modesty and her husband went to see the sick one. They found their way upstairs to the sick room. Modesty gave a gentle tap-tap on the door.

A feeble voice called, "Come, come right in."

They entered and Modesty went to the bedside; she asked, "How are you?"

The sick man reached out his hand saying, "Modesty, Modesty, is it really you, or am I dreaming?"

"Yes, it is Modesty; I have come to see what I can do for you; I just learned of your illness to-day and I came to see how you were."

"God bless you for it." He took Modesty's hand in his and said, "I prayed for some one and God sent you."

Modesty looked around the room; it was cold, the air in it bad; he had no fire.

"Now I'm going to cover you up snug and open the windows for a few minutes and we will build a fire and when the room is warm, then I shall fix your bed, you poor thing! I know you are not comfortable." She got her husband to empty the slopjar, soon had him up in a rocker, then hurried and fixed his bed with fresh linen she brought from home; then her husband helped to get him into a night shirt and back into bed. He was weak from the overhauling. Modesty bathed his face and said, "I'm sure you will feel better; be quiet and rest."

"But oh! I want to talk to you about so many things."

"Not to-night, my dear man. When I come in the morning to bring your breakfast, then you may talk to me."

He clung to her hand and asked, "May I call you an angel?"

"Oh, yes; if you wish, but I'm far from being an angel; now my husband will stay with you to-night, and I will come in the morning to stay with you. Now I will bid you good night."

These moneyed moths were afraid to go to see this sick man for fear they might take his ailment. Ah! they had a worse ailment than consumption! Evil will destroy the soul.

Modesty was not afraid to care for this sick man,

and next morning she fixed a dainty breakfast and took it to him and stayed to care for him.

He greeted her with: "God bless you; good morning, my little angel! It is so good of you to come and make me so comfortable and care for me."

Modesty liked to help folks. She bathed his face and then fed him, tidied up the room and sat by his bed and read to him.

The doctor called. He said, "Ah! so you have a nurse, I see—"

"No, no; not a nurse, doctor, but an angel. She has been very kind to me."

After the doctor left, Modesty was called to the bedside and the sick man said, "Modesty, I want to tell you why I am alone."

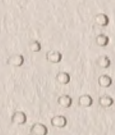
Modesty learned he had a great family burden to bear, and felt very sorry for him. She also learned he had means to care for himself and persuaded him to get a real nurse to care for him. "I will stay and do all I can to cheer you, also to make you comfortable until the nurse can get here."

Next day, when the doctor came, Modesty said, "Doctor, will you look after getting a nurse for this man? He wishes you to do so."

"Sure, I'll do that as soon as I get back to the office!"

"I will stay here, doctor, until she can get here."

"Now, I think, I will be able to get one here by to-morrow night."



"Modesty, come here, please," said the sick man. He took her hand, saying, "Let me plead for your pardon before this witness for the way I treated you, and for asking you to give up your work in the church. I'm so sorry for it and cannot rest until I hear you say you forgive me."

Modesty took both his poor bony hands in hers and said, "I hold no malice against you, nor did I, for I saw how you were deceived by those moths. Words cannot express my gratitude to learn you hold nothing against me."

The sick man kissed Modesty's hand and wept.

Modesty stood silent for a moment, then stroked back his hair, saying, "Now we understand each other; we are going to forget the past, and I am going to read to you."

The doctor bade them good-bye and wiped his tear-stained eyes as he closed the door behind him.

Modesty soon read her patient to sleep and she kept very quiet. He took a long nap and was brighter.

Next evening the doctor brought the nurse and Modesty liked her. She turned her patient over to her and went to the bedside to bid the sick man good night.

He held to her hand saying, "Must you go?"

"For a short time, but I'll come often to see you, and you have some one who will be kind and care for you." Modesty fixed his pillows, brushed back his

hair and said, "Be a good boy now until I come again."

He smiled and said, "God night, my little angel."

Modesty was happy when she felt she had made some one happy.

It was not long until this man was called to leave this home below.

Modesty felt he was to dwell where there were no hardships to endure.

These fault-finding and scandal-seeking moths kept busy picking holes in poor Modesty's work and character.

CHAPTER VII

A YEAR later Modesty had more and greater burdens to bear. Her husband drifted farther into King Alcohol's company in spite of her efforts to keep him from it. She could not separate them. Her father was stricken with a cancer; this grieved Modesty very much. She went into business that she might have means to care for her father. She opened up a hotel and did fine; was liked by all who stopped at her place.

These ugly Moths had accumulated and seemed to be starving for scandal, and began to undermine Modesty's place of business; reported many false things and watched every move and try as hard as she might, she did not make a good move in their way of seeing things.

Modesty was visited by hotel inspectors of all classes, but left her with no fault to find in the way she conducted her business. One day she was told by the Health Officer that there had been a complaint and she could not keep her father in the hotel.

Modesty could hardly reconcile herself to be separated from her father. She called in the doctor to see what she could do. He advised her to take her father to a hospital.

“But, doctor; if they will not let me keep him here, will they take him in a hospital?”

“Yes, and I will recommend you and help you place your father in a good hospital.”

“You are very kind and I thank you; I will do this for his sake.”

Modesty, with an almost broken heart, told her father all. “Oh, father now we must be separated. Why will these ugly moth continue to rob me of all?” This grieved both Modesty and father. She tried hard to be cheerful before her father as she made preparations to take him to the hospital; she went often to see him; she had no one to go to with her hurts and troubles, only God (and at times she felt He, too, had forgotten her). But He had not; her little helpmate who stayed with her was a great comfort to her; she was a dear good girl.

The people outside of the church were very kind to Modesty; often when they were going into Kansas City, asked her to go and they let her out at the hospital to see her father and came for her on their way back. This made it so Modesty could see her father often and not be away from her place of business long.

Because she was seen going to the city often, these scandal-seeking moth reaped a great harvest, and stacked great stacks of scandal up against poor Modesty.

In about a year after Modesty's dear father was placed in the hospital, he was called from this cold

cruel world to dwell among those who are free from pain and grief.

It was hard for Modesty to bear up under this, as she felt she had not an earthly friend and wished that she, too, might be called; then she knew how her two sons needed her and her husband also needed her protection. He was the father of her sons, even though his deeds were not the kindest to her.

The doctor told Modesty she must go some place and rest or she would be down in bed.

Modesty's sister persuaded her to go with her to Colorado, where they had relatives, and rest.

So Modesty got an elderly lady to look after her business and went. The trip did her good, but she returned home to receive a terrible blow; she was sitting on the porch; the druggist stopped, saying: "May I speak to you, please?"

"To be sure," Modesty said, and went in.

"Modesty, your man is in serious trouble. I fear they are going to take him to the—the—to the pen."

Modesty stood like a marble statue; she could not speak. This man left her with no other explanation. She recalled what he told her and fell to the floor. When she came to she heard the doctor say, "What happened?"

No one knew but Modesty.

"There has been some great shock that has caused this," the doctor said.

By this time Modesty had gained control of her

tongue. "Please send for the druggist, I must talk with him."

The druggist told her of the things that happened. She turned to the doctor, "Do not try to put me to sleep; can't you see I must do something to save him?"

"I see you must keep quiet," said the doctor.

"Ah, and I with two sons who bear his name!" exclaimed Modesty. "I tell you I must be up and doing." Poor Modesty had no one to go to for aid; she did not know who to trust.

The doctor said, "I will help you steady your nerves if you will trust me."

But she feared him and asked God for strength, and the courage to do and send some way to save her husband; she longed to see the banker who stopped at her place, but he was gone over Sunday; he was the only one she felt she could trust in this struggle; she laid her aching head on her pillow and tried to sleep, but could not; she tried to plan a way out, she had pictured out a way, but the banker was gone and she feared he might not get back in time to help her; she was up and out in the open before the little sparrows had wakened; her son joined her, saying, "Mother, do not grieve so; come in and drink a cup of coffee."

"Oh, son, there is the early train! If it would only bring the banker I believe I have a way planned to save your father," and told her son all, "but I fear

he will not get here in time." Monday morning, breakfast had been served when they went in and Modesty went on into the office. She felt she could not swallow a bite; as she entered she cried out, "Oh!" for there sat the very man she longed to see; she could scarcely believe her eyes.

He asked, "What is the trouble now, Modesty?"

"Did any one send for you?" she asked.

"No, I felt there was something wrong down here and I came back to-day."

"Oh! Then God sent you to me. Listen, will the bank take a mortgage on my place of business and can I get it fixed in the morning before nine o'clock?"

"Why, Modesty what are you going to do?" he asked, much surprised.

"Oh, I have not a minute to spare. My sons' honors depend on me and their father's safety. He has lost his job and there is a shortage of money; unless this is raised by nine o'clock in the morning, he will be taken—oh! you know where, and I must prevent—"

The banker caught her as she fell. In a moment she was master of herself; she said, "I must keep up."

"My! how you frightened me! Yes, the bank will take your place of business for security."

"Very well, but there must be more raised."

"Have you asked any one to lend you money?"

"He asked but they refused, as they think I am not worthy, and I have been accused of taking the money. I have no time to tell you all now, for I must be sure of the money before the officials and officers get here Monday morning. I have an old line policy; will the bank take it?"

"Let me see it. Yes, the policy is as good as gold." He locked it in the vault. He then had a talk with Modesty. She told him all, and said, "How will I ever repay you for your kindness?"

He said, "You owe me nothing. I am pleased to serve you; now you must get your rest; I will bid you good night."

"Thank you again; good night."

Modesty went to her room but could not sleep. When she laid her head on the pillow it ached, so she had to get up.

Next morning she went down and tried to eat, but her anxiety was too great; the papers were fixed out but she did not know whether they would be accepted.

A little later her accusers and officer came and said, "You will have to come to the bank and sign the papers but you can just come in the back way."

At this Modesty grew very hot and said, "I am no criminal, neither am I a thief. I will go in the front entrance, if you please!" She walked by them and in the bank; as she went up to the window, another accuser put out a hand saying, "We are glad

you have considered and decided to sign these papers for the safety of your husband."

Modesty looked at him with scorn: "What right have you to address me in this manner when you refused to support my husband; said I was unworthy and a thief? I never refused to sign the papers; you tried to secure the papers after they were placed in the bank to make your ugly accusing seem true; I would not touch your hand.

"I am ready to sign them or even give my life to save my boys." There was not a sound as she fixed her name to the papers, then she asked, "Is this all you wish of me? And is my husband free?" She heard the word, "yes," and turned to go and once more was kept from striking the floor.

When she saw what had happened, she pulled herself from them, saying, "I am quite strong and I will return alone."

Later, her husband joined her; he said, "And it is you who set me free?"

Modesty collapsed and had quite a sick spell. When she gained her strength she took up the work; her husband helped her; when Modesty went out on the street few spoke to her. Modesty felt hurt, but of course every one heard and knew of the great wrong that Modesty never did. She spoke to all she met.

Now Modesty did not do the thing they expected her to do.

These ugly moths looked for her to leave her hus-

band and go from bad to worse, as they had pictured for her.

No one knew better than poor Modesty what a friend meant in the darkest moments; she took him in and cared for him; though he had wronged her, she could not see him out in the world alone.

Modesty went to the Superintendent of the road, who had eaten at her table many times, and asked, "Will you not give my husband another trial? I'm sure he will do what is right; he will shun alcohol, for he has seen it is not the company for him. I am not guilty of the crimes laid at my feet.

"Will you place my husband some place where he can care for his family?"

"You mean by this you go where he goes?" she was asked.

"And why shouldn't I? He needs me more now than before."

Modesty told him how she would soon have to give up her place of business, as she had sacrificed it to save her husband.

"And if you could place him somewhere he could begin anew and I am sure all would be well."

The Superintendent told Modesty he would see what could be done.

In a short time her husband was sent to a city on the bank of the Missouri River.

Modesty remained where they were and sold her place of business and had a small amount to go on. In the spring she joined her husband; soon the

railroad family were united in their new home and made many friends; they have not found any ugly moth to mar their happiness.

God grant they never may.

END

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00019446062

